

BINGANG

MERRY CHRISTMAS
HAPPY NEW YEAR

FROM ALL OF US
TO ALL OF YOU



Bing Kathryn
December, 1961
Mary Harry Jr.
Frances Nathaniel

FROM ME TOO

A CLUB CROSBY PRESENTATION

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Lindsay Crosby		
Pat Boone	Donald O'Connor	Ken Murray
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Douglas Black	- Southern Australian disk-jockey	
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A Yellow Label, and an X on the label means your membership expires with this issue of Bingang.

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Here we are once again with our Christmas issue of, "Bingang". Thank you, to those of you who have acknowledged your last copy. I do wish everyone would do this, as I never know if you received your copy or not.

Well, the happiest news this issue holds, is the birth of Kathryn and Bing's third child, a baby boy, named, Nathaniel Patrick. I sent Kathryn and Bing a telegram in the club's name which read:

October 30, 1961

Mr. & Mrs. Bing Crosby
Queen of the Angels Hospital - Los Angeles, California

Congratulations. Thrilled and happy to hear the good news. May the newcomer be a pride and joy to you always.

Rena Albanesi and The Club Crosby Members

You'll find a note of, thank you from Kathryn on page 3. There is also a letter from Kathryn on page 4, saying it would be fine with her to make the newest Crosby a, "Club Cub." There is a snap on page 7 of Kathryn and Nathaniel Patrick leaving the hospital. I think that this is one of the most adorable photos, the smile on Kathryn's face is worth a million dollars. There are also letters on page 3, from Kathryn, thanking me for birthday cards sent to Mary Frances and Tex.

There is letter on page 4 from PHIL saying they would be happy to have the boys children as our club cubs, along with Bing and Kathryn's children. The list will be growing with Phil, Lindsay and Gary's wives anticipating visits from the stork.

Bing and Bob Hope finished work on, "Road to Hong Kong", and before he returned to Hollywood, he taped his television show in London, I am sure you have seen this by now. He stayed here in New York for a few days before flying home. I guess he was anxious to get home to meet his new son.

The members of, "The British Crosby Society", saw Bing many times while he was there, visiting him on the set. Before he left they presented him with a Catholic Bible, and Frank Murphy, president said Bing was visibly moved by the gift, and accepted it graciously. Said Frank, "You can imagine how thrilled I was as Bing stood next to me with one hand on my shoulder, and the other on the Bible, as we posed for a photograph." (That's our Bing)

The snap on page 14, of Bing and Bob Hope comes from the November 10, issue of Life. Since I had selected a different pose for this page, and then came across the one in Life, and thought it a much nicer one, I didn't have the room to put in the little clip that was with the photo, so I will put it here now:

"Bob Hope and Bing Crosby are a lighthearted pair who like being funny even when they are not being paid for it. In London, where they are making a "Road" movie (Hong Kong this time, their seventh in the series, but first in nine years), they studied stills of spaceman gag, found they looked sufficiently awesome, signed it, and sent it off to Astronauts Grissom and Shepard. There followed a pause while

NOTES FROM RENA.....Cont'd.

Grissom and Shepard scurried about looking for the makings of a song-and-dance team-baggy pants, awning canvas sports jackets, skimmers and canes. Suitably suited up, they knocked their knees like true troupers and posed for a picture that went right to Hope and Crosby." The photo was signed, "To Crosby & Hope - We're ready too! signed, Shepard & Grissom"

The snaps on page 21, of Bing, Kathryn and Tex, and the one on page 28 of Bing, Peggy Lee, and Sammy Cahn, were for clippings and such that were sent to me by Stan White from England, once again to Stan my heartfelt thanks. I also want to say thank you once again to Frank Murphy for the onces he sent me.

Due to the increase of postage to Europe, members there must send me an International Money Order for \$1.49, instead of \$1.43. Should the postage increase here in the United States, the dues will also be increased here.

I use three different color labels on journals mailed out. This signifies how many journals are still due you. Green 2, Pink 1, and if you have a yellow one, you are due to rejoin with this issue. So look at your label, and if its yellow, please do rejoin, if you wish, and if not please let me know your decision.

I want to welcome once again the following new members to our club, and do hope, they will enjoy a nice long stay with us:

Esther M. Chappell - 7260 Pierson - Detroit, Michigan
Gordon W. Rodgers - 533 Wandsworth Road - London, S.W. 8, England
Miss. J. Bryan - Finsbury Sq. BO E.C.I. - Great Britain
Mrs. Joan Gottfryd - 965 St. Helens - Chehalis, Washington

Well, I guess that's about all for this issue. I do hope you will go ahead and enjoy it. I want to wish you and your families, a very Merry Christmas, and a most Happy and Wonderful New Year.

Bing-cerely,
Rena

London, England
September 5, 1961

Dear Club Crosby:

Thank you for my birthday card.

I had my birthday party in England next to Windsor Castle. It was a long way from home so it was nice to be remembered all the way over here.

Love,
~~Tex~~
Harry Crosby

October 9, 1961

Dear Rena:

How nice, Most people get only one card from one person. But you have sent two. I'm so glad, you made my birthday special.

Thank you so much for the pretty card. I hope to look like that pretty soon, although my hair is not quite long enough to wear in good pigtails yet. I do wear a pony tail lots of times.

Thank you for thinking of me on my very special day.

Best wishes,
Mary Frances
Mary Frances Crosby

November 8, 1961

Dear Rena:

Bing and I and Nathaniel Patrick want to thank you for your welcoming wire and beautiful card.

The baby's entrance into the world was very pleasant for the mother, very exciting for the father, and very comfortable for the baby.

Your thoughtfulness added to the happiness of the situation.

Sincerely,

Nathaniel Crosby
Nathryn

November 8, 1961

Dear Rena:

Nathaniel Patrick would be delighted to be a member of The Club Crosby. He thinks his dad is pretty fancy, particularly since most of the pictures he has seen of him are in his Road to Hong Kong get-up.

And I must say that both Mr. Crosby and Uncle Big Bob Hope look mighty peculiar in that garb. As a matter of fact, they look way out. I can't wait for you to see it. I loved it!

Very Best wishes,

Kathryn Crosby
Kathryn Crosby

KG:no

October 12, 1961

Dear Rena:

My brothers join me in expressing sincere thanks for including our youngsters as "Club Cubs" in Club Crosby. As kids, we always enjoyed this special attention, and I'm sure our own children will feel the same way.

Here are our own little individual broods:

Gary: Son, Stephen.
Lindsay, son, David Lindsay.
Dennis, three sons, Gregory, Dennis Michael, Jr.
James Anthony.
My own: Dixie Lee and Brian Patrick.

We also want to thank you for the fine work you are doing as Eastern representative of our own club.

With very best wishes, always -

Sincerely,

Phil
Philip Crosby

BIRTHDAY LIST

BIRTHDAY LIST

January 25

Marjorie Lackie - 256 Dawson Street - New Bedford, Massachusetts

February 24

Brian Jones - 23, Plas Road - Fleur-De-Lys - Pangam, Mon., England

March 30

Gordon W. Rodgers - 533 Wandsworth Road - London, S.W. 8, England

April 3

Mrs. Pearl Elliott - R.R. No. 3 - Lakesfield 3, Ontario, Canada

Mrs. Lillian Potter - 37 Elvina Gardens - Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada

Lindsay Grosby - January 5

9157 Sunset Blvd. - Los Angeles 46, California

* * * * *

NEW SNIPS AVAILABLE

10¢ Each

340. Bing and Jack Benny - First General Electric TV Show - 1954

344. Bing and Bob Hope on arrival in England - 1961

345. Bing, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Bob Hope - "Road to Hong" set

347. Bing calling on Pete Martin - 1961

348. Bing alone with a puppet in her hand - 1961

349. Bing, Joan Collins, Bob Hope - "Road to Hong Kong" - 1961

350. Bing in tyrolean costume for, "Emperor Waltz" - 1947

351. Kathryn and Tex arriving in England - 1961

353. Bing, Ida Lupino - "Anything Goes" - 1936

354. Bing, Marjorie Reynolds - "Dixie" - 1943

355. Bing alone - "Here Comes the Waves" - 1944

356. Bing accepting an award in, Ft. Royal Virginia - 1950

357. Bing, Nicole Maurey - "Little Boy Lost" - 1953

358. Bing at Pebble Beach - 1955

359. Bing and Kathryn at San Francisco - 1955

360. Bing and Kathryn on the cover of Look - 1958

361. Bing and Phil Harris on the golf course - 1961

362. Bing and Peggy Lee rehearsing for English TV show (different from photo in this journal) - 1961

363. Bing arriving in Ireland - 1961

364. Bing, Kathryn and Tex on set of, "Road to Hong Kong" - 1961

365. Bing, Kathryn and Tex arriving in France (different from photo in this journal) - 1961

366. Bing, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, "Road to Hong Kong" - 1961

367. Bing and Dixie, Oscar Night - 1945

368. Bing receiving Oscar from Gary Cooper - 1945

369. Bing and Al Jolson

370. Bing and Bob Hope, "Road to Hong Kong" - 1961

372. Kathryn leaving the hospital with Nathaniel Patrick (different from photo in this journal) - 1961

373. Bing looking at a photo of Kathryn and Nathaniel Patrick while still in England - 1961

375. Tex alone while in England - 1961

376. Bing arriving in New York after finishing, "Road to Hong Kong" - 1961

377. Kathryn, Tex, Mary Frances greeting Bing on return from London - 1961

JUST BITS OF INTEREST FROM HERE AND THERE

Bing Crosby will wear a turned-around collar again in his next movie, if he signs for "Devil's Advocate."...Let the others ride horses in Westerns. Der Bingle recalls from his Oscar-winning "Going My Way" that there's magic and moola in the Upward trend.
(World Telegram & Sun) August 12, 1961

Dorothy Lamour was handed a letter that had chased her around. Contained 16 cents and a note: "The enclosed represents your dividend for showings of "The Road to Rio" during 1960. Very truly yours, Robert Hope, Harry Lillis Crosby".
(Daily Mirror) August 22, 1961

Der Bingle Drowns Out Reds' Tunes
American forces on the border between East and West Berlin counter East German loudspeaker propaganda with even louder American songs. At the Friedrichstrasse crossing last night on American jeep parked only one yard from the concrete wall, and with two loudspeakers mounted on it, blasted out Bing Crosby recordings. One was Bing's all-time hit record, "White Christmas."
(World Telegram & Sun) August 26, 1961

An episode in "How the West Was Won" which should mean money at the boxoffice, is one starring Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby and Red Skelton. Can you imagine a segment with these three together?
Well, this is the plan: In November Sol Siegel hopes to bring them together in Nogales, Arizona, in one big moment, and you can be sure there will be plenty of comedy. Also, I hope, a song or two.
(New York Journal American) September 13, 1961

Crosby's Project Label Cutting LP for Life Mag
Bing Crosby's disk company Project Records, is cutting an LP titled, "American Heritage of Folk Song" for Life magazine. Life will offer the album to readers in a special promotion deal. When the magazine promotion winds up, Project will market the LP independently. Project has also completed two LPs for Doubleday & Company, which it will offer in promotion deals to book club members. The albums, "Twenty Six Academy Award Winning Songs" feature Jane Wilson, Stewart Foster and the Robert Thomas Singers. The album sales rights revert to Crosby's diskery after the Doubleday promotion ends, and Project will then market the package itself.
(Variety) October 11, 1961

One of the many stories Paul White has to tell concerns no less a performer than Bing Crosby who, as a member of the Rhythm Boys, came under the Whiteman baton long before he became famous.
"When Bing and the boys decided to take off," the maestro related, "I went to a producer out in Hollywood who will remain nameless and told him that this Bing really had something on the ball.
"What?" he says. "Why, with those big ears, those big hands and that big rear end, he'll never make it." Of course, somebody was wrong."
(World Telegram & Sun) October 27, 1961

Kathryn Grant is working on a book, about Bing Crosby, to be titled, "Bing and I" Bing not only approves of the little woman's literary efforts, he's going to write the forward.
(Daily Mirror) October 29, 1961



He's Nathaniel Patrick Crosby
Kissing Mom Kathryn

A son was born on October 29, 1961 to singer Bing Crosby's actress wife, Kathryn Grant.

The baby weighing 9 pounds $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces is the third born to the couple.

In London, Bing passed out cigars today and said he and his wife would called their new son, Nathaniel Patrick.

"Nathaniel after great-great-grandfather who was a clipper ship captain," said the singer.

I don't guess I have to explain what Patrick's for," smiled Bing.

Stagehands and others accepted Crosby's cigars, but told him there was an old English custom called "wetting the baby's head." Bing asked for an explanation and was told it meant that he should buy drinks all around.

"Little early for drinks", said Bing dipping deeper into the cigar box.

"Naturally, I'm disappointed at not being with my wife. It's the first time I've not been with her. "We both knew that Kathy would be in California and I would be here for the birth," he said. "I know that she's content, happy and in very good health."

(New York Journal American)

October 30, 1961

(This is a letter written by Bing to Ed Sullivan, when he asked his friends from all walks of life, to write their most treasured Christmas experience. These appeared in a book entitled, "Christmas with Ed Sullivan".)

MY DOUBLE F

Dear Ed,

by Bing Crosby

I can look back over a list of Christmases-not, as Bob Hope would lead people to believe, going back to Valley Forge-but long enough. One Christmas above all others stands out in my memory. It was a simple day, I suppose, by present teenage standards, but its recollection never fails to induce a mellow glow for me.

I was thirteen. We lived in Spokane, Washington, where a white Christmas is standard, and where skating and sledding were the big joys for the youngsters in those days. But our skates, which never fit us properly, were hand-me-downs from the elders, and our sleds were handmade affairs with wooden runners and clumsy steering devices.

Now, if a fella had a "Flexible Flyer" with steel hollow-groove runners, footrests, and mechanical steering, he could ask the "village belle" to go up to Ledgerwood Hill and spend the day sledding. My eye was on the girl, and my heart was set on the sled. In the few weeks before Christmas, I worked harder than ever at selling newspapers to earn enough money to buy that sled, but I didn't quite make it. I was a few bucks short, but a few bucks in those days came hard. It was a blue Christmas Eve for me that long-ago night in Spokane.

Under the tree for me on Christmas morning was a shiny "Flexible Flyer" with the red, white and blue eagle on the centerboard. It was a tandem job, too. To me, there wasn't a more beautiful sight in the in the whole world. I looked at my dad, my eyes filled with gratitude.

"How did you know what I wanted?" I asked.

"I have ways," he smiled mysteriously, and as I now know, fathers do. But I was too excited to pursue my questions, and I raced out of the house, dragging my sled behind me.

I think my sled was the only "T.F." standing in front of St. Aloysius Church that morning. I proudly parked it right next to a Maxwell, a Franklin, a Stevens Duryea, and a couple of Model T's. I confess that my thoughts were not where they should have been during Mass. Afterwards I stood impatiently at the church door with my dad, as he chatted with the priest. I glanced in the direction of the parking area and saw a group of teen-agers huddled around the spot where I had put my sled. My heart skipped a beat. I had a horrible thought that one of the cars had run over the sled and that my friends were examining the ruins. I flew down the church steps two at a time. When I reached the group I heard ooh's and aah's. There was my sled, just as bright and shiny as ever, and in one whole beautiful piece. I heaved a sigh of relief, contacted my secret love, invited her to go sleigh riding with me, and then we were on our way.

Hooking the towrope onto the rear axle of a northbound coal truck, we were at Ledgerwood Hill and careening down its precipitous declines within the hour. It was a clear crisp December day, and I had the cutest girl and surely the slickest sled on the hill. I have never felt so lordly before or since. It was the type of Christmas scene you would expect to see in one of Grandma Moses' painting.

A big bonfire was blazing on the side of the hill. One of the other kids, Herbie Rotchford, had filched a dozen potatoes from the family root cellar for roasting in the hot ashes. I traded him two rides on my Double F for six Murphys and believe me, they tasted even better than pommes de terre a la maison at the Tour d'Argent in Paris.

As darkness approached, we spied the coal truck on its way back

MY DOUBLE F.....Cont'd.

to town. We flagged it, and again hooked onto that stout rear axle, this time in a long procession of sleds. All the way home we sang, laughed, and pelted one another with snowballs.

I have traveled many different "roads" in my motion picture career but that road up Ledgerwood Hill brings to my mind the sweetest of all.

An article from the same book, written by Bill Sullivan himself.
IRVING BERLIN'S WHITE CHRISTMAS

Certainly no book of Christmas stories would be complete without Irving Berlin's own recollection of how he wrote "White Christmas." In a kind of never-ending testament to the greatness of Berlin's wonderful song, hundreds of millions of people sing it and love it, and more people, millions more enjoy it again every year on recordings, in theaters, on television and in concert halls all over the world. "White Christmas" has quickly become an all-time classic, composed by one of those geniuses who knows how to touch the hearts of people everywhere.

It was back in the 1940's when Irving Berlin came up with a very simple story idea. He wanted to do a Broadway musical based on all the holidays of the year. For the New Year's song, he wrote "Let's Start the New Year Right." For Lincoln's birthday, he waived the more solemn traditions and pretensions and wrote "Abraham."

But the wise men of show business were absolutely confounded at the simplicity of his approach. They told him that a story built around a series of holidays would be monotonous, probably just as Laurence's contemporaries told him that sketches of the miserable women in the Moulin Rouge would lack wide interest.

Everybody assured Berlin his idea wouldn't work, except for one very sensitive and gifted Hollywood producer-director, the late Mark Sandrich.

But Sandrich said, "Get a story to go along with the idea, Irving. We'll do a picture they'll never forget!"

Sandrich's immediate and infectious enthusiasm seized Berlin. He wrote a skeleton story outline (and again, note the simplicity of his idea) about a fellow so lazy that he only wanted to work on holidays. The outline became "Holiday Inn", adapted for the screen by Claude Binyon.

Berlin came up with a fine score. Those who first heard it all agreed at once that the Valentine's Day song, "Be Careful, It's My Heart," would be the smash hit.

It was only Bing Crosby, a very canny judge of songs, who thought a different song altogether would be more likely to capture the public's attention and affections. He had been sitting in the hotel suite as Irving played and sang the score. Suddenly Bing looked up as a new song started, and yanking the pipe from his mouth, said to Irving, "This one you don't have to worry about."

The song was "White Christmas."

Bing Crosby's judgement, of course, was completely right. A week after the picture opened, "White Christmas" was selling an unprecedented 30,000 copies per day. You couldn't turn on a radio without hearing it. If you went to a night club or a supper club, you heard it. Berlin's song contained all the yearning and wistfulness of the holiest day of the year. He was speaking for every soldier in the world and every kid away from home when he wrote, "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas."

Once again, in a few words he said everything we were all thinking. The mood, lyrically and melodically expressed a haunting nos-

talgia. Even Grandma Moses, painting her white New England countryside accented by red barns, was not able to summon the immediate and universal images of Berlin's "where the treetops glisten and children listen to hear sleigh bells in the snow." In that single phrase, he captured the sounds we all remember, a forgotten crunch of runners on the sleigh, and trees sagging under their wintry burden as wide-eyed children gaped at all the December spectacles.

The song was just as popular throughout Europe. In England, Scotland and Italy, where "This Is the Army" played, Berlin had to sing it hundreds of times to GI and civilian audiences. General Mark Clark tells me that he even used to sing it to himself nights when he was poring over his maps at headquarters.

The troupe of "This Is the Army" set off from Italy for the South Pacific, but Berlin, who hadn't seen his family since leaving New York, wangled passage on an Air Force plane to fly home for a brief visit to his wife, Ellen, and the children, before going on to New Guinea in late December. He arrived in Hollandia on Christmas Eve, 1944.

A sergeant met him at the rude airport carved out of the jungle, and took him to a big tent where he was to be billeted with the war correspondents. All of them were out attending a briefing. Berlin found himself alone in the tent far from his family in the last hours of Christmas Eve.

"I was feeling sorry for myself," he recalled, "and I was hanging up my gear when suddenly I heard a group of voices some distance away singing "White Christmas." I stepped outside to look around, and my flashlight picked up three huge, bushy-haired natives. I stared at them, but they completely disregarded me and went on singing the song all the way to the end. I've never had a more astonishing or profound Christmas thrill than that."

"But," I suggested to Irving, "they must have been equally thrilled when you told them it was your song."

"No," he replied, "it would have spoiled the whole thing. The thrill was that they didn't know me, and couldn't have cared less. They were singing my song because they liked it, and that's what made my 'lonely' Christmas unforgettable all of a sudden."

TO GAIN FRIENDSHIPS

Ben Burroughs

Making enemies is an easy thing...making friends is hard to do...for the shortcomings we harbor...are indeed easy to view...and almost without our knowing...we create clouds of ill will...by some faulty mannerism...bad impressions we instill...whereas forming lasting friendships...is a toilsome task at best...friendships are a special treasure...only gained through constant quest...we must prove ourselves to others...if we are to gain their favor...people never cling together...if there is a bitter flavor...so when seeking friendships...bear in mind this rhyme...to gain true friendships you must be...a real friend all the time.

(New York Journal American)

October 21, 1961

To my mind, the best and most faultless character is his who is ready to pardon the rest of mankind, as though he daily transgressed himself; and at the same time as cautious to avoid a fault as if he never forgave.

Pliny the Younger

Hi,

It seems it was only a short time ago that I had a journal deadline to meet and here it is time for another column.

What a pleasant sight to pick up this morning's paper and there among all the unpleasant and distressing headlines of the world turmoil to see our own lovely Kathryn with her and Bing's newest arrival. I want to add my good wishes to those of all the other Club Crosby members.

Well, news is very slim this issue. I haven't heard from very many members, so instead of news about members I thought you might like to hear a bit about my vacation trip this past summer.

Since I had a new car, or at least it was new last October, I decided I would like to take a motor trip. I only wanted to be away for a week, because it was to be my first trip and I would be doing all the driving. Decided to go to Williamsburg, Virginia. My nine year old niece, a friend of mine I work with and her son went with me. The boy is 14, so the children were no trouble and were very good. It was the first time my niece had been away from home without her mother and father, and we were afraid she might get homesick, but she didn't. Guess there was too much to do and she loved Williamsburg.

We left Saturday morning, August 19th about 8 o'clock. Had a delightful drive all day. Our only stop was for lunch, someplace in Maryland. It was cool and ideal weather for traveling. Passed through some beautiful country too. We drove through New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and part of Virginia that first day. I took a route which bypassed both Washington and Baltimore. Stopped at a motel in Lorne, Virginia Saturday night, and Sunday morning started out bright and early. Arrived at Williamsburg about noon or a little later. We had stopped for church before we got there.

We stayed at the Motor House and were very pleased with it. I had written for reservations because they are a must. It is a very popular place to stay, since it is right in Williamsburg. The rooms are attractively decorated, sound proof and air conditioned. It is set in a lovely, quiet pine grove away from the highway. The landscaping around it and the grounds are beautiful. In the recreation building they have a lounge and a TV room. There are 3 pools--one for diving, swimming and wading, a completely equipped playground for children, shuffleboard and tennis for adults. The cafeteria is very modern and offers a wide choice of delicious meals at moderate prices.

I am interested in history and love visiting historical places, that's the reason I enjoyed this trip so much. Aside from it being so lovely there it is full of history. Williamsburg was the capital of colonial Virginia and from 1699 to 1780 it ranked with Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Charleston as a great colonial capital. The town of Williamsburg has been restored to what it was in colonial times--hundreds of modern buildings were done away with to make way for the restoration. More than half of the major buildings in the historic area are the original 18th century structures, and many others have been rebuild on the original foundations as they were in colonial times.

Visiting Williamsburg and spending some time there is like living a

RAMBLINGS.....Cont'd.

part of American history and it is all very interesting. Some of the places of interest which we saw were the Governor's Palace and gardens; the Capitol Building; Raleigh Tavern; which was the social center of Williamsburg, but is not used as a tavern or inn now; Brush-Overland house; Wythe House; the Public Goal and the Magazine Arsenal.

There are other places too numerous to mention and also shops operated as they were in colonial times. We also, attended the performance of a play THE COLONIAL GLOAM at the amphitheatre on the campus of the College of William and Mary.

In the restored section of Williamsburg there are three main restaurants and one is nicer than the other. The atmosphere service and food as it was in colonial times. These restaurants were delightful and had delicious food. Eating by candlelight was lots of fun.

During our four days we took in everything we possibly could and did not miss much. We also, managed to spend a few hours in the pool two afternoons. We had beautiful weather with the exception of Sunday when it rained all day and Monday when it rained until noontime.

Thursday morning we left Williamsburg and went to Jamestown to do some sightseeing. In the afternoon we arrived at Richmond, where we visited a museum in one of the National Parks. Would like to go back to Richmond some time because there is lots to see which we didn't have time for. We headed for Charlottesville, but didn't get there that night. Thursday night we stopped at a very nice motel, which had a pool and was in a little country town called Sprouse's Corners.

The next day we visited Monticello, which was Jefferson's home and is in Charlottesville. This is another beautiful place. Jefferson designed the house and gardens himself. It has all been restored and is furnished with many of the original furnishings or replicas. You are taken on a guided tour of the house and then may roam through the grounds and gardens at your leisure.

After we left Monticello we headed north for the first time since we had left home, and drove all day Friday through Virginia, Maryland and a small part of Pennsylvania. Friday evening we stayed at a nice motel just outside of Gettysburg and Saturday morning we left for home. Gettysburg is of course one of the most interesting places in this section of the country that you could visit. But we wanted to get home Saturday, our families expected us and we were anxious to get there. Besides it was raining very hard and we would have been able to see very little, so another time I hope to spend some time there. We arrived home about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Altogether we had gone some 988 miles. I thoroughly enjoyed the driving, and would not hesitate to take another trip by car, for I think it is the best way to travel.

Hope you have enjoyed hearing about my trip. I would like to hear from as many of you as possible for my next column in BINGING. Until then best wishes and I want to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. It will be a Happy New Year for all Bing's fans because we have a new Crosby movie to look forward to.

It was in 1945 when I first became a fan of Bing's when about this time I wrote away for one of his photographs. Imagine my delight when I received a letter from him, and this was followed later by a lovely 8 x 10 photo. That photo, I framed, and it is still hanging in my room.

This I think swung me over to Bing - a big star like him taking time out to write to me, letting me know that a photo was on its way. The personal touch from Bing, that is what I like. I continued to write for photos, and they came, followed by letters.

From then on I started to look for Bing's name in the newspapers and waited for his films. Then I started scrap books and became a record collector long before I had a radiogram to play them on. The first record of Bing's I bought was "Faith of Our Fathers".

During the years to 1957, I would look through the picture programmes to see if Bing was showing anywhere. On one occasion I travelled some ten miles to see one of his pictures, still it was well worth it. Now all these old films are showing on television here in Sydney.

Gradually my record collection built up, ranging from 1927 (Mississippi Mud) to his latest. I now have Bing on 45's, 10" and 12" LP's.

Then in 1957 I decided to go overseas to Canada. One of my ambitions was if possible to see Bing, talk with him and shake his hand, but this I doubted very much. If this could possibly happen, I would be able to go home a very satisfied man. Well, I was a lucky person, because I did happen to meet the mighty man "BING", only after being in North America less than a week. Arrived in Vancouver, Canada on the 29th July 1957, and on the following Friday 2nd August, the great moment arrived. Details of my meeting appeared in "Bingang" about three years ago - and blow me down - if I didn't finish up by seeing two more Crosbys while in the States - Bob and Larry.

My enthusiasm for Bing hasn't died at all. It wasn't "a stage" that I went through, but one that has been there since the day I received that first letter and photo, way back in 1945, and so today I am still a great fan of Bing's still buying his records, seeing his movies and watching him on television.

Bing is still recording and singing better than ever. His latest LP here is "Gang Songs" in the sing-along series. However, the previous LP, "Join Bing and Sing Along" has been a really terrific seller. Such a great seller was this LP that sales of Bing's other works were boosted too.

1960 was a good year for Bing. Reconciled with his boys, a baby daughter, Pittsburgh Pirates winning the World Series, and to top it off, terrific sales of records, and the teenagers of today are now finding out who Bing is and how great an entertainer he has been over the years.

Here we are now in 1961, with our idol still going stronger than ever, so in closing, I'd like to say - please do not retire Bing, as we would all be lost without you. Keep on singing the songs as you have done over the past thirty four years.

So Bing, good luck and many years of good health to you.

(The above article was reprinted from the, "Southern Cross" branch of the Club Crosby with the permission of both Thelma Hardie and Ron Field of, 24 Bristol Road - Hurstville, Sydney, Australia), it appeared in their July, 1961 issue of Bingang.



Bing and Bob set of, "Road to
Hong Kong"

London, England

Bing Crosby and Bob Hope are two of the world's richest, self-made multi-millionaires.

Crosby is worth between \$10 and \$20 million, most of it in oil, television and frozen orange juice.

Hope's fortune, an estimated \$15 million is based mostly on California real estate and Texas oil land that he shrewdly bought up years ago at a fraction of their present worth.

Both stars, 57, were poor boys from large, struggling immigrant families-Crosby's parents emigrated from Ireland, Hope's from England-and both achieved top-rung show business success through diligence, talent and luck.

Hope is the father of four adopted children, while Crosby in two marriages has fathered seven offspring, four sons by his first wife, the late Dixie Lee, and three children by his present mate, Kathryn Crosby.

Bing and Bob are here filming their seventh mutual film, "The Road to Hong Kong," a zany, tuneful comedy which makes little sense but should make mountains of money, since it offers the same delightful ingredients-singing, dancing, clowning, and skirt-chasing-as their six previous Road films.

Although each owns a third of the production, Bing and Bob are not starring in, "The Road to Hong Kong" for money. In their flip, casual, joking-jaunty manner they've been telling that to the British press day after day-"We're here because it's a living...If we don't work, we'll starve...You know any easier way of stealing?"-but it's not the truth.

BING AND BOB.....Cont'd.

The truth is that neither Bing nor Bob can break the movie-making habit. Over the years Crosby, the more philosophical of the two men, has tried. He's bought a race track, a baseball team, gone off on fishing expeditions, played and conducted golf tournaments, traveled widely-but found no cure for the celluloid addiction.

"I try not to show it," Bing admits, "but there's a good deal of ham in me. I can only repress it so long, then I'm back in front of the cameras."

Hope, who's made no attempt at repression and whose only diversion is golf, says, "What else is there in life besides work-and who calls this work anyway? This is a ball."

Hope, of course, is a compulsive performer. He will entertain any place, any time, so long as the audience numbers one. By nature he's an extrovert, gregarious, outgoing, warm friendly, replenishing himself on self-generating laughter.

Hope is an aggressive, anything-goes man, a press agent's dream. "I'm in love with the human race," he points out. "Bing's a little more choosy. That's why we complement each other, we make a pretty good chemistry. I'm brash and he's back-away. I'm talking about in movies, you understand. Off-camera," he joked. "I'm entirely different-shy, refined, conservative."

"Kidding aside," he continued, "the fans, the movie fans-are there any left?-they seem to like Bing and me because I guess we're personable in different ways. Bing lets me do the leading, the talking, the trouble-making. Then he comes along charming, easy-going, very suave and steals the dame. Matter of fact, he's that way in real life. Never argues with anyone, just hangs around listening, then gets in the last word when it counts."

Bing and Bob first met in 1938 when both were under contract to Paramount. By then Bing had achieved musical stardom and had earned so much money that he could afford the ownership of the Del Mar race track as a hobby.

Hope, fresh from Broadway stage triumphs was introduced to Bing at Del Mar. Both men liked each other immediately and began swapping gags, bantering good-naturedly, verbally trying to top each other while a film producer, Harlan Thompson, laughingly looked on. Later Thompson decided that this duo, cast in a comedy, might attract a sizeable box office.

"One was a relaxed singer," he later explained, "who could do a little comedy. And the other was a fast-talking comedian who could do a little singing. I felt that both could pace each other, that I had a good chance for some casting magic that would click."

Thompson assigned two writers to tailor a comedy script entitled, "The Road to Singapore", to the talents of Hope and Crosby. Another Paramount contract player, Dorothy Lamour, was assigned the female lead in the picture.

In 1939 the production cost approximately \$1 million and grossed \$4 million. The picture was so successful that in the next dozen years the studio followed with five additional "Road" comedies, Zanzibar, Morocco, Utopia, Rio and Bali.

Hope had a piece of, "Road to Rio", and the studio was thereby compelled to open its books to him. "I was hysterical," he says, "to find out that Rio had grossed seven million bucks."

Although four different teams of writers have turned out the "Road" scripts, the story is essentially the same: Hope and Crosby are a pair of comic muddlers in trouble and aided and abetted by an attractive female they chase and share.

BING AND BOB HOPE.....Cont'd.

In, "The Road to Hong Kong"-Hope wanted to call it, "The Road to the Moon", but bowed to the polled opinions of the theater managers who work for the Interstate Theatre Chain in Texas-Joan Collins plays the role formerly occupied by Dorothy Lamour. Dorothy, on in years, makes a gag appearance in the film, as do Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and William Holden.

Hope and Crosby think the picture should be a hit. And a hit is what they need for their egos.

With the exception of Hope's last-released film, "Facts of Life" with Lucille Ball, neither Bing's nor Bob's motion pictures of late have been hits.

This gave rise to the opinion among motion picture executives that Bing and Bob were finished as movie stars, both individually and as a team.

"The Road to Hong Kong" is their attempt to prove that they are not.
(Parade) September 17, 1961

HOPE-CROSBY LAST?

"Road to Hong Kong" Lined with Obstacles

Bob Thomas

Bing Crosby and Bob Hope are hitting the "road" for the seventh time - and perhaps the last.

Their other famous journeys have taken them to Singapore (1940), Zanzibar (1941), Morocco (1942), Utopia (1945), Rio (1947); and Bali (1952). This time they're on the "Road to Hong Kong". Getting them started was a major operation performed by two masters of comedy, Norman Panama and Mel Frank.

"You can't imagine the complexities of setting up a "Road" movie," said Frank, who is producing and writing this one.

"Scheduling a time for it was a major production in itself. We had to coordinate with Bob's movie and TV schedule and check with Bing on the timing of the trout season and the Bing Crosby golf tournament."

The project began two years ago. Panama and Frank outlined the story idea to Bing who nodded and said, "Okay, let's do it."

Then they went to Palm Springs to tell their tale to Bob. After a half-hour, he said: "All right; now let's play a round of golf."

"Then armies of lawyers went to work," said Panama, who is directing and writing the film. "We were dealing with two corporations worth \$100 million. The paper work was monstrous."

While the legal eagles ground out contracts, the two writers went to work on a script. They had build a previous road (Utopia).

"But we had forgotten that they could be hard work," said Frank. "You have to adhere to the formula, carry on a plot and keep the gags coming continuously."

The formula: Bing is the sharpie, Bob the fall guy. Bing's guile gets them into a series of dire scrapes. Then not being chased by villains, they chase the girl (formerly Dorothy Lamour, now Joan Collins), whom Bing gets at the end.

"This time they both get her-but we're not revealing how," said Panama.

The film makers decided to shoot here because London figures in the early portions of the film. As in all "Roads" the destination comprises a small portion of the movie; the boys also go to an under-sea kingdom and the moon in this one.

Besides overseeing all production details, Panama and Frank had to serve as real estate dealers, lining up houses for the Hope-Crosby

Families and entourages.

Is it worth all the trouble?

"Absolutely," said Panama. "The road pictures are a great tradition. Because of their ages and their complex activities, this may well be the last one they make together. We wanted to be a part of it."

"We think there will be a big audience for another road," added Frank. "We happen to believe there is no such thing as 'tired stars.'" (Yonkers Herald Statesman)

July 31, 1961

London - England

Leonard Lyons

The distinctive whistling, which became his memorable theme for radio audiences a generation ago, floated across the studio set. The notes faded before the British manor house, whose history, etched in the legend over the fireplace, dates from the eighth century. Bing Crosby whistles at his work, and this summer his work is with Bob Hope again, in "Road to Hong Kong."

It was after their "Road to Morocco" years ago that Hope had announced, "From now on, no more roads-only detours". They changed their minds, as all performers do when they think the right role has come along. It came along this time, from Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, the producers-directors-writers. The Hope and Crosby families live in one huge house.

Their house has a croquet court, which Crosby uses. And its lawn is long enough for practicing 4-iron shots, which Hope does. Both shoot in the low 70's. Once, when they were all even on the 18th. green, Hope lined up his shot and asked the caddy: "Was the grass cut this morning?" The caddy nodded.

Bob putted and missed. Crosby lined up his putt, studied the grass and asked the caddy: "What TIME this morning was the grass cut?"

This kind of planning and precision is evident in their work, too. I watched them rehearse and then film the long theme song number, "Road to Hong Kong." Although Fred Allen once said, "Bing is so relaxed, I don't know how he stands up," Hope is the one who seems more relaxed at rehearsals. He ad libbed a line about his loud tie; "I wear all my Christmas gifts."

But once the cameras started rolling, Crosby was at ease-singing, moving and dancing gracefully, in the manner which made him one of the most imitated performers in the world. "My brother Bing never really fought his way to the top," said Bob Crosby. "He's the only man who ever rolled uphill to success."

Hope donned a Chinese lamp as a hat, and Crosby warned him, "Bob, you're gonna get a new kind of mail after this." Hope shrugged it off and mentioned other local products-hurled at him in vaudeville days: "In Fresno, they threw so many grapes at me that the man in the pit was drunk for two weeks." He belongs to so many unions now, for carrying his dues he had to join the Teamsters.

Panama & Frank wrote musical numbers for Hope and Crosby to be integrated into the plot. "We want to make it impossible for the European screen editors to cut any of these numbers," Panama explained. "They cut 'em to save dubbing."

There was a break for tea, so that the cameras could be reloaded. Crosby lit his pipe, and started to read a newspaper. He's a pipe-smoker from way back. In his radio days, when a cigaret company sponsored his broadcasts, he still smoked a pipe. Bill Daley, head of CBS, suggested a compromise: "Don't smoke the cigarets, but carry them and

London - England.....Cont'd.

offer them to people."

"We carry cigarets and ruin the outline of my pockets?" Bing, said. The next day Paley sent him from Tiffany's, the thinnest gold cigaret case, unlikely to mar any pocket-outline. Crosby continued to smoke a pipe.

Joan Collins visited the set briefly, then went off to wait for her shooting schedule. Miss Collins has succeeded Dorothy Lamour as the Crosby-Hope Road girl. Miss. Lamour finally agreed to play a brief part, in which she'll explain why she abdicated. During Lamour's years in a sarong, Hope once saw her wearing a long gown and said: "Dorothy, better go home and put something off."

Crosby has made two concessions to the passing years. He wears a hair-piece, but it's a receding one. In "Anything Goes," he tossed away the hair-piece and ripped off the tape which held his ears pinned back. "The worst they can say about my ears is 'a loving cup' or 'a cab with the doors open,'" he stated and never wore the tapes again.

His second is his willingness to travel by plane. Del Webb once sent his private plane to pilot and transport Bing to a golf match. The pilot said: "Mr. Webb promised me \$100 if I could get you to step into a plane." Crosby stepped into the plane, and quickly out, and said to the pilot, "Well, I did it. Stepped into a plane. Let's split the hundred."

He flies now because it saves valuable time. In making his business deals, Crosby is never concerned about the money. His prime concern is about the time involved: "Money is something I'd have to give back in taxes! But time is something lost forever."

In London, because it involved little time, he made a guest appearance on Rosemary Clooney's TV show singing a duet with a man hailed as "the Bing Crosby of England." And he assured the musical quartet in the film that he'd appear with them on a radio recording: "Right here, as long as no time is lost."

One of London's most notorious snobs recently returned from Hong Kong-which has the most densely populated area in the world-and yawned: "There was nobody in Hong Kong. Nobody." Now there is- Crosby and Hope.

(New York Post)

August 20, 1961

Bing Crosby, filming "Road to Hong Kong" with Bob Hope at Shepperton Studios phoned Frank Sinatra about appearing for one minute as a spaceman. Sinatra and Dean Martin agreed to do it. Crosby and Hope, of course, would reciprocate by appearing in a Clan movie. Sinatra and Martin were due to reach London last Friday noon.

Since it would be a long week-end, because of the bank holiday, Crosby decided that a delay beyond the week-end might produce a change of plan. He therefore had them met at the airport and brought to the studio, where a bar and buffet were set up. Then sufficiently fortified, Sinatra and Martin did their roles.

(New York Post)

August 16, 1961

Bing Crosby met a young newspaperman in London who, in his embarrassment said, "That was a wonderful feeling, shaking the hand of a multimillionaire. That's the first time it ever happened to me." Bing said, "Well, if it felt so good, why don't you do it again?" And they did.

(New York Post)

August 17, 1961

Well, here I am again with some news from, "Down Under."

First of all I want to say how pleased we all were to hear the wonderful news of the birth of another little son to Kathryn and Bing. Our congratulations go out to them on this very happy occasion.

We are now anxiously awaiting the release of, "Road to Hong". It will be grand having the opportunity of seeing another of the, "Road" series.

With little to report this time, I will again tell you something about our country. This time it will be Akaroa, with the "Continental" Look: Akaroa, the holiday-resort township near the head of the "long" harbour" that divides the Banks Peninsula, might well have become a French possession (and with it the whole of the South Island) but for the quick action of Lieut-Governor William Hobson, who learned of French plans for colonization of the area and dispatched his officers in H.M.S. Britomart to take possession of Akaroa and the mainland in the name of the British Sovereign. The French were two days late, but French immigrants did land, and Akaroa became known as a "French Settlement."

Today Akaroa is still slightly French, with overhanging balconies and small-paned windows, along some of the narrow French-named streets. The township has its share of modern homes, but among the business people there has been a tendency recently to recreate "the Continental Look". If the trend persists, Akaroa well might earn the title of "New Zealand's prettiest township."

The country-side around Akaroa is rugged and semi-mountainous, and for the sightseer there is magnificent steep drive over the hills that afford fine views of "the long harbour." The road ends at Akaroa Heads light-house station.

All for now, so until next time, goodbye and best wishes to all.

THE BRITISH CROSBY SOCIETY

"The British Crosby Society" would welcome applications for membership from members of, "The Club Crosby". New members receive a signed photo from Bing - membership card. Six issues of the club magazine, "Crosby Post", which is published bi-monthly. Membership fees for United States members is \$2.00 (which I can get changed over here for our currency) - in Commonwealth countries a 10/- British Postal Order. Send enrollment fee to Frank Murphy, 45, Ferndale Avenue, Wallsend, Northumberland, England.

THE CROSBY BROTHERS FAN CLUB

With membership in this club, you receive three journals per year; a membership card and an 8x10 photo of the boys, plus other club advantages--pen pals, etc. The dues are \$1.50 per year, which also covers postage for the journals. Please write: Priscilla Koernig, 349 Banks Street, San Francisco 10, California

While in London, Bing Crosby presented two gold records to Lonnie Donegan - for "Chewing Gum" and "Rock Island Line." The latter was donated, after a five-year delay, by British Decca, for whom he cut the disk as an unknown. He now has three million sellers, the only Briton to have reached the mark.
(The Billboard)

October 16, 1961

JOIN BING IN A GANG SONG SING ALONG

W/Us 1422

Bing Crosby is slowly moving into Mitch Miller's territory. Crosby's first sing along package did quite well in the market and this compilation of 50 faves has a good chance to do even better. The formula is light and simple and with Crosby leading the way the songalog is easy to follow.

(This is part of the album, "101 GANG SONGS" - 2/RS 1401)

(Variety)

August 2, 1961

EL SENOR BING

MGM E/SE3890

Two years ago, an executive of a record company-which shall remain nameless, but which was and is strong in turning out "top 10" singles -told me off-the record that he was about to sign Bing, who was "unhappy about not having any hits." "Why would he care?" I asked. "Believe me, he cares," said the exec-but Bing didn't sign. Barring his perennial "White Christmas" (Which actually sells what many current hits only claim to do), Bing hasn't had a "Number One" song since TRUE LOVE in 1956 Crosby albums however, are international best-sellers, and in this set he's in top form with standards set to sleek, Latin backing by Billy May's band and chorus...and I still believe if he "cared" he could show 'em how, even in today's young market. (New York Journal American) Atra Baer October 25, 1961

Side 1

In The Still Of The Night
I Could Have Danced All Night
C'est Magnifique
Taking A Chance On Love
Heavenly Night
My Shawl
Marta
Rose in Her Hair
How High The Moon
Old Devil Moon

Side 2

Pagan Love Song
Cuban Love Song
Ramona
Amapola
Malaguena
Andalucia
Down Argentine Way
What A Difference A Day Makes
Again
Allez-Vous-En

THOSE WHO SING

Ben Burroughs

Those who sing are happy people...matters not their lot in life...they possess the magic power...to temper the pangs of strife...for the ones who lift their voices...lift the hearts of all mankind...giving faith where faith is needed...and a hopeful frame of mind...singing seems to be a lost art...few are those who join in song...moans and groans of troubled people...echo as we go along...yet, whenever we encounter...someone singing merrily...there comes forth a ray of sunshine...filling weary hearts with glee...matters not if you have talent...sing as you go on your way...treasures beyond reach of silver...will be your God-given pay.

(New York Journal American)

September 6, 1961

Anyone interesting in Purchasing - Decca Record 548 A&B

Without A Word of Warning - Takes Two To Make A Bargain

Please contact - Mrs. Fred Sullivan - Uganik Bay - Kodiak, Alaska

If anyone has available, "The Incredible Crosby by Barry Ulanov
"Bing" by Dr. J. Mize

Contact Robert Roberts - London House - Saratt - Nr. Rickmansworth
Herts, England



Tex - Bing - Kathryn while in Europe

Bing Crosby sings for all the people. He can croon a Stephen Foster melody, blue up a song of the cotton fields, lend authority and dignity to the work songs of the Irish and Italian immigrants, and make the hair on the back of your neck stand up and cheer with a rousing patriotic number. Cowboy song, Christmas carol, anything-Bing can do and do it very well.

That's why he's an American institution. More than any other performer, he typifies the wisecracking, fun-loving American. And that's why his wedding to beautiful Kathryn Grant, on October 24, 1957, was the United States equivalent of a royal elopement.

It was a quiet wedding at St. Anne's Catholic Church in Las Vegas. Only a few friends were present.

Bing scoffs at idols. He is, above all things, a human being with all the pride, the trials and the errors of us all. Maybe that's why he has been and continues to be America's favorite Balladeer.

And how he has caroled for us.

"Every time it rains, it rains pennies from heaven"- "Down the Old Ox Road"- "I'm and Ol' Cowhand, from the Rio Grande"- "Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ra"- "We'll meet on the Road to Morocco"- "God Bless America"- "They Took the Breeze in the Trees, Singing Sweet Melodies, and they made that the birth of the blues."

The list is endless. It's a lyrical history of our times. The happy-go-lucky 1920's, the side-of-the-mouth 1930's, the lonely 1940's.

During the war, no performer gave of himself more than Bing Crosby. He sang wherever there were soldiers who needed a song. Even the Germans monitored the overseas radio programs he beamed to the troops, and nicknamed him-"DerBingle."

WHY BING IS THE KING.....Cont'd.

Unlike some entertainers, Bing didn't go over there and try to fill the men up with a lot of pep talks and Hollywood patriotism. The average "dog face" would have regurgitated at that malarkey. No, Bing just sang, as only he can, and the GI's loved him for it, just as they loved Frances Langford and Al Jolson.

Bing is a person, not given to showing his emotions. But he choked up one night in the European theatre. An Infantry sergeant came up to him just before the show and said, "I hope you're not going to sing "White Christmas." Bing was shocked and said of course he would sing it and why the objection.

"No objection," growled the sergeant. "I just wanted to know so I could leave now. It wouldn't be good for the men to see me crying."

These are some of the reasons the whole country wishes Bing and Kathryn the very best. How can you help but be on the side of a guy like that?

For Bing Crosby is to song what the Babe was to baseball, Dempsey to boxing, Jones to golf, and Runyon to writing. He's a sportsman of song, a groaning golfing man, a fisherman making with the finiculi-finicula.

He's an American, as a slap on the back, as natural as a trout stream.

He has had trouble with his family-but that doesn't make him unique. He has made some mistakes - and that makes him human.

But most of all-and this is why the whole world loves the guy-at 57, he still has a pocketful of dreams.

(Daily Mirror) George McEvoy November 16, 1961

Anecdota Internationale Hy Gardner

In London last Sunday, as Bob Hope and Bing Crosby were packing to fly home on separate planes. Bob suggested that Bing lay over in New York and join him on the stage of the Capitol Theater where the comedian appears with his newest movie, "Bachelor in Paradise," at its premiere Thursday night. "This would be a real sentimental ball." Bob explained trying to sell the idea. "It would be a nostalgic flashback to 1932 when I was emceeing a ball at the Capitol for Major Bowes and one of the acts I had to introduce was a crooner or a yodeler named Bing Crosby." "Robert," acknowledged Bing. "I can think of only one thing I'd enjoy doing more-flying pronto to the Coast and getting my first gander at my newest son, Patrick."

"However," Bing continued, "I want you to know that while we've kidded each other for a lifetime I feel warm and cozy about our friendship. Especially because I realize how little success has changed you. At one time you played only a few local benefits, now you hop all around the world and do dozens a week. At one time you were a high handicap golfer, now you're a mean, dangerous, low handicap man. In the old times you were very well liked and known by quite a few thousand people. Today you're loved by many millions. Bob," Bing concluded his toastamonia, "There's only one thing about you that hasn't changed-you're still a compulsive entertainer."

"And you, Bing," Bob retorted, "haven't changed at all. You're still a compulsive father!"

(New York Herald Tribune) November 15, 1961

Marion Ryan, after working for Bing Crosby on his British-based ABC-TV spec due December 11, commented: "He makes Como look nervous."

(New York Journal American) Jack O'Brian November 16, 1961

Hi everyone,

My girlfriend Rosalee (a member of the club also) and I vacationed in Northern California this year. We located Bing's Rising River Ranch. That part of the country is so beautiful. We met Kathryn's sister, Frances. She resembles Kathryn a lot and before I asked, I thought she must be Kathryn's sister. When we told her we were members of the club, she went into the house and got us each an 8 x 10 picture of Bing.

Then, in August, Rosalee and I flew to Las Vegas for a weekend "Hacienda Tour" to see the Crosby Brothers at the Desert Inn. That's one weekend we'll never forget. We are now looking forward to the Golf Tournament in January.

Quite a few of you Club Crosby members have joined our "Crosby Brothers Fan Club", and I hope more of you will join.

August 16, 1961 - Bing Crosby surprised everybody and guested for Rosemary Clooney in an TV spectacular. As with his Peggy Lee guest spot (for ABC-TV), he took no fee. Never one to forsake her old friends, Kathy Crosby, recently baptized a Roman Catholic, entertained some "visiting firemen" from Texas---her old Baptist minister and his wife. Bing's wife met them at the airport, arranged studio tours for them, wine and dined them for a week, and saw them off at the airport.

Bing Crosby and his spouse hopped to Croz' new fishing retreat for a few weeks. The new spot, at Palmilla (south of La Paz, Baja, California), is where Bing has his 45-foot cruiser, The Kingfisher. Palmilla located in "a tropical latitude slightly further north than Honolulu," claims to be the best sea level climate in the world. There are two ways to get there: plane or yacht!
(San Francisco Chronicle)

October 12, 1961 - Kathy Crosby tells me she ate herself out of shape abroad: "Caviar and yogurt for breakfast. I couldn't resist the Devonshire cream or the green figs in Italy." The only exercise she got was going up and down stairs once a day in the house they had in London, which belonged to the late Joseph Duveen's daughter. "Pope, our 74-year-old butler, is famous in England," said Kathy, "and rightly so. Nothing fazes him. One day I told him there'd be 30 for dinner that night. All he said was, 'Yes, madam.'" She and Dolores (Hope) had five beautiful days in Florence and a week in Rome.
(San Francisco Chronicle) Hedda Hopper

CROSBY AT 57, PICTURE OF A PROFESSIONAL RELAXER - By Eddie Gilmore

London---(AP)---Harry Lillis (Bing) Crosby, at the age of 57, has probably given as much pleasure to other people as any man alive. "Don't know about that," rumbled Crosby in that unmistakable voice, as mellow as a well worn cello, "but reckon I've been around a little more than most." Looking as relaxed as an old outfielder's glove, he

NEWS FROM THE WEST COAST.....Cont'd.

lounge in his tiny trailer dressing room, 50 feet from an elaborate setting for his new picture with Bob Hope. It's called "The Road to Hong Kong."

How did he stay slim and without a double chin or that turkey gobbler fold of flesh hanging beneath the chin of most men nearing 60?

"Back away. Just back away from those groceries."

Crosby diets like a dedicated man and takes an enormous amount of exercise playing golf.

His way of talking is all Bing. At the beginning of a sentence he will usually eliminate the personal pronoun or the article, seeming to prefer to speak in the past tense.

He has an habitual almost deliberate modesty.

He pointed to a mirror above him.

"That's the family," he said.

Around the mirror's edges he's stuck up a number of snapshots of his children.

An assistant director knocked on the door.

"Time, Bing," he said.

"OK. Be right with you."

Director Norman Panama asked Crosby, Hope and Joan Collins to rehearse a scene. Bing sang a phrase from a song. He turned to a stagehand named Bobby Morrell. "What's that?" asked Crosby. "Pennies From Heaven" and you sang it," said the stagehand. "Know that," laughed Crosby, "but who was the girl?" "Indge Evans," came back Morrell. "You're having one of your good mornings," said Bing. "You know, that fellow knows them all."

While Hope and Joan did a scene together, Crosby relaxed in a chair.

"My voice? No, never had an operation on the throat. Some people think I have. The voice is just there. How and why I don't know.

"I sing and sometimes it comes out good. Sometimes bad."

Bing admitted he had plenty of money.

"I could stop tomorrow, but I've been in show business for 35 years and it's the only business I know."

"I get a certain sense of fulfillment and pride from working. If I made some bad pictures or TV shows I'd get out.

"If I ever saw any signs that I'd overstayed my welcome, I'd be off. Very soon.

"Once I got away from show business I might vegetate. Don't want that to happen. No, sir."

Bing croaked another phrase from a song. "What's that?" "Forever," said the stagehand.

(San Francisco Examiner)

October 8, 1961

That's about all the news for this time. I do want to share two letters I received with you, though---

London, England
September 5, 1961

Dear Priscilla:

Thank you for my birthday card.

I had my birthday party in England next to Windsor Castle. It was a long way from home so it was nice to be remembered all the way over here.

Love,
TELL
Harry Crosby

October 9, 1961

Dear Priscilla,

What a pretty card you sent me for my birthday.
I love the little elf and the squirrel and the
tiny little bunny rabbit that's in the picture.

But who ever heard of a mouse holding a lamp
post and a bee pulling a wagon? Oh well, we
know that the fairies and the elves exist.

Thank you for your thoughtfulness.

Best wishes
MARY FRANCES
Mary Frances Crosby

* * * * *
PEN PALS Pat Sullivan

Dear Members,

Please send all your pen pal questions, requests and information
to: Miss. Pat Sullivan, 3134 North 53rd. Street, Milwaukee 16,
Wisconsin.

Mr. E. Finn - Mr. Finn, age 40, has been following Bing's career
23, Braddon Road since age 13, and is an ardent fan and record coll-
Woodley, Mr. ector. He would like to correspond with other
Stockport long-time Crosby fans. Besides record collecting,
Cheshire, he lists sports, films and radio as his main
England interests.

John Coomes - John is also an avid record collector and besides
No. 38 Queensway Bing, he also likes, Perry Como and Dean Martin.
Maidenhead, Berks Dancing and driving are also favorite pastimes.
England

Esther M. Chappell - Esther writes to say that she is a member of a
7260 Pierson large family, four sisters and four brothers.
Detroit 28, Michigan Her interests are dolls, pictures and books

Gordon W. Rodgers
533 Wandsworth Road
London, S.W. 8, England

* * * * *

We learn wisdom from failure much more
than from success. We often discover
what will do, by finding out what will
not do; and probably he who never made
a mistake never made a discovery. (Samuel Smiles)

As told to John Gruesemann - London, Oct. 21-The wisest thing I ever did when I got started was to latch on to the top people and absorb their advice.

I was lucky when in 1927 I got taken on by Paul Whiteman for his band. In those days Whiteman was the King of Jazz for he took it out of the little saloons and put it into Carnegie Hall. He made it a national, an international thing, not just a fad for the few.

And around him he assembled such performers as Bix Beiderbecke, Frankie Trumbauer, Eddie Lang, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey. If you work every day for three years with such people, as I was able to do, some of the way they do things rubs off on to you. And based on these associations you learn your job.

I was 22 then and I had been singing since my college days. I had started studying to become a lawyer. I pictured myself swinging the verdict in great trials-maybe that was already the actor in me. For I like public speaking, and at school I had won elocution contests. I was Lousy, but I thought I was good.

Altogether I did two years' pre-legal training and two years' full study at Gonzaga College, Spokane, Washington.

To earn some pocket money a group of us started a rhythm section. I played drums and sang-and you bet we got paid too. We played most nights we could, and sometimes made between 25 and 30 dollars a week, not bad money for those days. In summer we played at resorts. When we weren't working we haunted the record shops.

Alton Rinker, our pianist and songwriter, had a flair for picking up a tune, transposing it from memory; in other words, cribbing the arrangements. Nowadays you couldn't get away with it. This is strictly against the union rules. But then we weren't in the union anyway.

In fact, we liked this so much four of us decided to quit college and make a career of it. So I abandoned law to the lawyers. Alton had a sister living in Los Angeles, Mildred Bailey, the singer, and there the two of us went.

We figured that we'd have a place to live in till we connected. And soon Mildred got us a job entertaining in a little cafe.

There, after two weeks, an agent heard us and hired us and for over a year we toured the picture houses and vaudeville theaters doing a two-man singing act. It was invaluable experience for Crosby and Rinker.

We were having the time of our lives and it was then Whiteman spotted us and I got my first big job.

I became one of Whiteman's Rhythm Boys and there followed three years vaudeville. Each week we had with us a different entertainer: Rudy Vallee, the Boswell Sisters, the Mills Brothers and so on.

I used to watch carefully. Working with such a well-tired group was fine. I was never up against a do-or-die situation. I was never frightened because when something went wrong I just said: "Tomorrow things will go well."

We played a lot at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles and there we had a great break: we went on the air each night for two hours.

Bill Paley, the president of Columbia Broadcasting, heard us and decided to record some of our songs. He became one of the dominating influences in my life. I am the greatest listener of all time. I believe that though I refuse to be hustled and talked into something, if you meet up with someone who knows the course, listen to him with confidence.

It was after three years with Whiteman that Paramount Studios signed me on and I went into pictures. That was just 30 years ago.

BING GIVES LOW-DOWN.....Cont'd.

I was just starting to do well, and I did not want to get tangled up in all the almost inevitable difficulties in our profession, so I asked my brother, who was managing me, to choose a good attorney.

I wanted a firm that was, solid, conservative, and had no connection with show business at all. We chose O'Melveny, Tuller and Meyer in Los Angeles; they were then-as they are now-the top lawyers.

They handle everything; my investments, my contracts, my career. I've never been to court.

At the time I was making my name in films I was also rearing four boys.

It's always a problem-especially for the children-when their father is in the public eye. My children were no exception. In those years the great thing for an American boy was to be thought a regular guy. He could not bear to be accused of seeming sissy.

Being well-off I wanted my boys to have the best of everything, of course.

I was working so hard I usually didn't have the time to notice much. Either I was too strict or the reverse when I did do so. Yet happily it hasn't ruined my relationship with the boys. I have, as it were, a second chance, because with my second wife, Kathy, I am bringing up another set of my own children.

In one way I was luckier in my time than they are: Our generation came to fame on the crest of wonderful hit tunes. I hope I am not being an old foggy when I say there is precious little hummable pop music today.

The great thing is never be afraid to repeat yourself if what you do seems good and goes down well. Here I am, 57, and making my seventh "Road" picture with Bob Hope ("Road to Hong Kong"). Maybe it will fill; but that is not quite the point. What I mean is that in the tried, the familiar, the well-loved lies much of the secret of ultimate lasting success.

I am not being cynical about this. I know what I am doing, and I like it. I am lucky I even enjoy acting, which I really only took seriously years after I went into pictures.

But don't be taken in by actors who say they really only do it for art's sake. This is true, to be sure, of a dedicated few-but most of them do it for the ever-loving money. And I am afraid I am one of the majority.

(World Telegram & Sun)

October 21, 1961

Bing's Request

Lloyd Shearer interviewing Bing Crosby in London, asked him what he'd like best to be remembered for. Crosby said he couldn't think of anything truly memorable he'd done.

Shearer then asked. "What sort of epitaph would you like on your tombstone?" Crosby thought for a moment, then said seriously, "In case I forget, you tell Kathy I'd like this line: "He was an average guy who could carry a tune."

Variety

September 27, 1961

Please do acknowledge your journal, make out renewals to me not to the Club Crosby. I have some back copies of Bingang available - June, 1959 - October, 1959 - February, 1960 - August, 1961 each 35¢. The May, 1961 25th. anniversary issue 50¢ each. I do wish you would acknowledge your journal, or I never know if you have received it or not.



Peggy Lee - Bing - Sammy Cahn
On Peggy Lee's Television Show

'BING' TRIED TO GOY HIMSELF

Tom Richland

Nope, my real name isn't Bing. It's really Harry Lillis, but folks have called me Bing and The Bing, as well as a few other unmentionable titles, for so long that I almost feel as if my mother called me Bing at the christening.

Actually, the handle, Bing, comes from a highly intellectual pursuit of mine when I was just a kid...maybe six or seven. I had a certain passion for a newspaper comic called The Bingville Bugle.

I don't remember anything about it except it was a panel cartoon, like Happy Hooligan. Maybe if I had gone daft over that one instead, they'd have labelled me Happy Crosby or Hooligan Crosby.

As it is though, I think I got the best of it. Bing's a good name for a Groaner. Nice, Simple, easy to remember and it's rare.

I know only of Bing Miller and Bing Devine, both in sports. To an itinerant minstrel of my stripe I think the name Bing has been a real asset. I may not have made much of a splash without it.

As a matter of fact, I have a true story that will prove my point. Back in the 1930's I entered a Bing Crosby Imitation Contest. I told them my name was Charlie Senevsky and threw a few "buh-buh-boos" at the people. I thought I was in pretty fair voice, but I finished a bad third.

BING TRIED TO COPY HIMSELF.....Cont'd.

Sometimes people ask me how I feel about the imitators who sing in my style. People tell me Perry Como and Dean Martin imitate me, but I don't see it. We sing in different registers.

Dino sings great and sells a lot of platters. Perry sings them real nice. The only resemblance I see is that Perry and I are both the rocking chair types, always tired.

My own inspirations in the singing line, oddly enough, were a couple of horn men-Bix Beiderbecke and Louis Armstrong.

Anyone who hangs around with a fellow like Bix, as I did when we were together with Paul Whiteman, is bound to be influenced.

That is, anyone who is lucky.

Louis Armstrong...there's a man I idolise as an entertainer. At home there are nights when I'll play a Satchmo record over and over. And I'm proud to confess that I've stolen a few of his notes. Last time I heard from Satch was a postcard from Africa. "Dear Pops", he wrote, "These Congo cats are really the end." He signed it "Pops". He calls you "Pops" and then calls himself "Pops."

That's the technique to swing with if you forget names.

One comic I'd like to work with is Red Skelton. I've never traded quips with Red. In my day I have worked with some good ones....Jack Oakie, the best scene stealer who ever lived; W.C. Fields, and Robert Hope, he of the ski snoot.

Offstage, no man alive makes me laugh more than Old Scow Brow Hope, unless maybe it's Phil Harris.

I have a firm belief that the art of comedy is more difficult than drama. I did a little emoting with Grace Kelly in "Country Girl," I just grew a stubble looked haggard and put myself in the hands of the director. Bill Seaton, who can make anyone look like an actor.

Most everything changes as time goes along. Take the word "crooner." Once it was a fighting word, but it isn't any longer.

When I started out, singing with a band was considered sissy stuff.

One night at a dance, one of the bully boys tossed an unmanly epithet at me. I took umbrage and we went outside to settle it with our fists.

...I finished a very strong second!

But whatever people want to call singer, whether it be coloratura sopranos, tenors, baritones, basses or groaners, music and the folks who make with the songs are here to stay.

(Radio and TV Review)

August 4, 1961

Bing Sings With Rosie and Dave

Bing Crosby sprang a surprise last Saturday, when he made an unheard guest appearance in ATV's "Rosemary Clooney Show."

Bing Sings/With Rosie and Dave.....Cont'd.

This was his first live variety appearance on British television. In the Clocney show, Bing joined Rosemary for a duet, taken from their "Fancy Meeting You Here" RCA album and cracked ad-lib gags and sang with Dave King, who was also guesting on the show.
(Melody Maker)

August 12, 1961

Here's a nice note in these troubled times! The 70-year-old butler in charge of the household where the Bob Hopes and the Bing Grosbys are staying,(London), is quoted as saying about the visiting Americans: "I find them delightful and very normal people. They say grace before their meals. It's a long time since we heard that here."
(Daily Mirror) Nick Kenney

August 16, 1961

Hong Kong in Three Versions

"The Road to Hong Kong", co-starring Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, will be made in three versions. First will use topical American gags. Second will be punctuated with updated British humor. Third will eliminate song routines and provide extra dramatic passages to bridge the portions where songs are rendered in the other versions. The last is for foreign titled and dubbed market.
(New York Post)

August 31, 1961

Bing Crosby, who's filming "Road to Hong Kong" in London, can't resist the horses, even if he has to fly to Ireland for weekend race meets. He put \$15 on a nag at Leopardstown last Saturday, collected \$90 in winnings and flew back to London. Next day he read in the newspapers that his horse had been disqualified by subsequent ruling. Though he didn't have to, gentleman Bing put his \$90-loot in an envelope and mailed it back to the bookmaker.
(New York World Telegram & Sun) Farrell

September 28, 1961

Dean Martin opening at the Sands in Las Vegas, mentioned his visit with Bing Crosby in London last month. "He's rich," said Martin. "Bing has \$21,000,000-on him."
(New York Post)

October 11, 1961

In London, Bing Crosby said: "The People who look after my finances tell me that next year I could afford to quit the business and still keep up my standard of living from the interest on my investments. If I don't find anything interesting in films to do I'll just play golf, and go fishin'
(New York Journal American)

November 1, 1961

Bob Hope's press agent, Mack Millar flew to London to exploit Hope's newest comedy, "Bachelor in Paradise." The first stunt he planned for Hope to escort Miss Europe to a premiere. Photos were taken but none published-because that day Khrushchev exploded the 50-megaton bomb... Then Millar arranged for Hope and Bing Crosby to make a joint appearance. Again photos were taken but none published-because Princess Margaret had her baby.
("I can go fight City Hall," sighed Millar, "but nobody can go fight Buckingham Palace."
(New York Post)

November 9, 1961

The most completely lost of all days is the one on which we have not laughed.